

The Stain on the Flag

By Irene S. Woodcock

"HELLO, Ted, have you earned your fifty cents yet?" Dick Powers came across the street on a run.

Ted Brown set down the basket he was carrying and shook his head.

"No," he replied. "But I shall have it when I've sold these." And he motioned toward the basket.

"Oh, you're selling nuts, too," exclaimed Dick. "Well, I tell you what to do. Take 'em down to Mr. Alber's. He gives the best price for 'em. He paid me twelve cents a quart for mine."

"Twelve cents!" Ted's eyes were round. "I'm going to take mine down to Mr. Eddy's store. He said he'd pay me ten cents a quart."

"Don't you do it," advised Dick. "Take 'em down to Mr. Alber's. He'll pay you two cents more a quart and if you have any money left over you can keep it for yourself. And you've earned it, too. Nuts are scarce this fall, and it's mighty hard to get enough to fill a basket."

Ted knew it only too well. Nuts were scarce and he had spent several afternoons in the woods before he could gather enough to fill his basket,

The two boys were members of the same class in school who were earning money with which to buy a flag for the classroom. It had been decided that each boy and girl should promise to earn a certain amount. Ted and Dick had pledged fifty cents each. It had seemed an easy matter to earn fifty cents until they had tried to do so. Then each boy had realized how hard it was. Gathering nuts and selling them seemed to be the easiest way; but even this had been hard.

Ted had made arrangements with Mr. Eddy who kept the corner grocery store, to bring all he could gather there and receive ten cents a quart for them. Now, hearing that Dick had received two cents more a quart for his, the sum of ten cents seemed little enough. Ted took up his basket again with a sigh, and Dick went on his way.

"Mr. Eddy'd never know," he thought, "if I took 'em down to Mr. Alber's. I believe I will."

He reached the corner leading to Mr. Eddy's and turned aside. It was fair, he argued to himself, to get all he could for his work; and if the nuts were worth

twelve cents to one man they should be to another. He walked along slowly, basket on his arm, pondering. When he reached Mr. Alber's store he found Mr. Alber inside. He measured the nuts carefully and laid the money out on the counter. Ted was greatly excited as he picked up his basket and hurried away. Still, he had a little guilty feeling that he had not been fair to Mr. Eddy.

All the way up the street he felt uneasy. He tried to whistle but a whistle wouldn't come. He tried to hum a careless little tune, but somehow the tune wouldn't be careless. It lost itself half way in his throat, for one idea was in his mind. He had been a cheat. He had promised to do one thing and had done another.

As he walked along, he raised his eyes to where the flag on the schoolhouse floated in the breeze. And as he looked, he stood quite still. Even from where he stood, Ted could see a dirty stain against one white stripe as though it had touched the ground or had been handled by someone whose hands were soiled. It was too bad. There should never be a stain on Old Glory. Perhaps if he told teacher, it could be removed.

And then came another thought. It brought the blood to his cheeks in a rush. There would be a stain on the new flag in the classroom, a stain of dishonor, and he would be the one who had put it there. Even though no one but himself could see it, it would be there; and worse, he could never remove it! Suddenly he found himself racing back to Mr. Alber's store. He would return the money and ask for the nuts. Then he would take them to Mr. Eddy and sell them to him. That was the only thing to do if the flag would have no stain.

He reached Mr. Alber's and entered quickly.

"Please, Mr. Alber," he said, "I'd like those nuts back. I've got to sell them to Mr. Eddy because I promised him. I wanted to sell 'em to you because you pay more; but I've been thinking it over and it isn't fair."

The storekeeper nodded. He seemed to understand perfectly; and soon the nuts were back in the basket again and Ted reached for it. Then he put his hand into his pocket for the money. It was not there. He set the basket down and felt first in one and then in the other of his pockets. He found only a large hole in

one—the one in which he had put the money. When Mr. Alber turned from waiting on a customer, he raised troubled eyes to him.

"I've lost the money," he said hoarsely. "But Mr. Alber, if you'll let me sell the nuts to Mr. Eddy just the same I'll earn it back for you. I'm not very big, but I can run errands as fast as any boy you ever saw; and I'll gather some more nuts, and—"

He stopped. In the corner by the door a ray of sunshine turned something that lay there into a gleam of brightness. Ted hastened to the corner and picked up the fifty-cent piece. Close by were a dime and a nickel.

"Why," he exclaimed, "here it is. I have a hole in my pocket," he explained. "Guess I was too excited to notice. Is everything all right now, Mr. Alber?" and he handed the money over the counter.

Mr. Alber nodded.

"Everything's fine, Ted," he said. "And any time you want to earn some more money, you come straight here and hire out to me. I often need such a boy as you to run errands—a boy who loves his flag too much to want to stain it by a dishonest act."

Ted picked up his basket a little later and left the store. A whistle puckered his lips. A song was in his heart. At the schoolhouse the janitor was already hauling down the flag.

"We've got to clean that spot off," he said, pointing to the dirt mark. "We can't have a stain like that on Old Glory."

"I should say we couldn't," returned Ted, and he raised his hand in salute to the starry banner.

Bobby Bear's Rhyme Corner

The Street Piano Man

BY GERTRUDE M. ROHRER

I hear a trembling jingle
And the Street Piano Man
Has come back with the robins
To play for us again.
The children run to greet him
With a glad and welcome cheer
And bring a host of pennies
For the tunes they love to hear.
Sometimes he seems a-dreaming,
And a little homesick smile
Comes stealing when his weary feet
Have tramped for many a mile.
But bowing very grandly,
He trudges off again,
And all the happy little folk
Are skipping in his train.

The Ogre

BY ISABEL FORNER WEDDON

One time when I was fast asleep
An ogre rolled his eye
At me; he rolled it round and round
And round, and made sparks fly
Right at me. Mother said it was
Because I ate mince pie.



SCHOOL LUNCHESES

(Milk appears in each lunch in some form)

Cream of Tomato Soup

(In vacuum)

Raisin and Nut Bread and Butter

Sandwiches

Apple Sauce

Cocoa

(In vacuum)

Peanut Butter Sandwiches

Custard with Jelly and Graham Crackers

Cream of Potato Soup with Parsley

(In vacuum)

Scrambled Egg Sandwiches
Orange Oatmeal Cookies

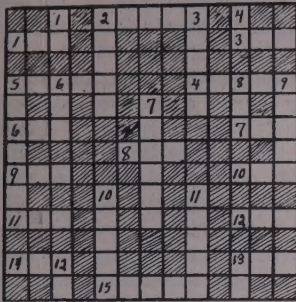
SANDWICH-MAKING SUGGESTIONS

1. Cut the bread evenly.
2. Soften butter by creaming.
3. Make thickness of slice suitable to kind and amount of filling.
4. Wrap each sandwich in oiled paper to prevent flavors being absorbed from other parts of the luncheon.
5. Butter both slices of bread. Butter keeps the bread moist and prevents filling from soaking into the bread and making the sandwiches wet.

A George Washington Biography of Dates

- | | |
|---|--|
| 1732. February 22, born. | 1776. December 26. Victory at Trenton. |
| 1748. Sixteen years old. Surveyor of lands. | 1777. January 3. Battle at Princeton. |
| 1751. Major at age of nineteen. | 1777. July. British turned out of New Jersey. |
| 1752. Given rank of Adjutant-General of Virginia. | 1777. July 13. Philadelphia campaign. |
| 1753. Chosen Commissioner to the French. | 1777. September 11. Battle of Brandywine. |
| 1754. Commander of the Virginia militia with rank of Colonel. | 1777. October 4. Battle at Germantown. |
| 1755. Assisted Braddock in his campaign. | 1778. Winter at Valley Forge. |
| 1755. Commanded Virginia troops again. | 1778. June 28. Monmouth Battle. |
| 1758. Resigned commission. | 1778. British retreated from New Jersey. |
| 1759. Married Martha Custis. | 1778. Skirmish at White Plains. |
| 1759. Member of Virginia House of Burgesses. | 1779. Warfare at Middlebrook, New Jersey, and New Windsor. |
| 1765. Settled military accounts. | 1780. Spent winter at Morristown, New Jersey. |
| 1774. Member of First Continental Congress. | 1781. Important conference with Rochambeau. |
| 1775. Member of Second Continental Congress. | 1781. Threatened New York during June and July. |
| 1775. June 15. Chosen Commander-in-chief. | 1781. Joined Lafayette at Yorktown. |
| 1775. July 2. Encamped at Cambridge. | 1781. October 19. Cornwallis surrendered. |
| 1776. March 17. Expelled British from Boston. | 1783. November 2. Bade army farewell. |
| 1776. August 27. Battle of Long Island. | 1783. November 25. Occupied New York. |
| 1776. August 29. Retreated to New York. | 1783. December 4. Parted from officers. |
| 1776. September 15. Battle at Kipp's Bay. | 1783. December 23. Resigned commission in army. |
| 1776. October 27. Struggle at Harlem Heights. | 1787. Presided at Constitutional Convention. |
| 1776. October 29. White Plains Battle. | 1789. March 4. Elected first President. |
| 1776. November 15. Invaded New Jersey. | 1789. April 30. Inaugurated. |
| 1776. December 5. Occupied position on Delaware. | 1793. March 4. Re-elected to Presidency. |
| 1776. December 12. Given "full power." | 1796. Made farewell address to people. |
| | 1797. March 4. Retired to private life. |
| | 1798. July 3. Appointed Commander-in-chief. |
| | 1799. December 14. Died. |

BIBLE CROSS WORD PUZZLE



(One word is used more than once)

UP AND DOWN

1. Part of Bible which tells about early history of the Jews. Abbrev.
2. Food which God sent to Israelites in the wilderness.
3. Mountain where Moses received the Commandments.
4. Part of Bible telling about Jesus. Abbrev.
5. First great leader of the Israelites.
6. Name of sea crossed by Moses and Israelites when fleeing from Egypt.
7. Book containing poems written by a Jewish king.
8. Find word wanted in this passage—Job XI, v. 9.
9. King who built a famous temple.
10. King who spared his enemy's life when he had him in his power.
11. A boy who slew a giant.
12. First two letters of a prophet's name.
13. First and last letters of the name of a great city in Palestine.

LEFT AND RIGHT

1. His wife looked back.
2. The leader who led the Israelites out of Egypt.
3. How many commandments did Moses give his people?
4. Whose wife made much trouble.
5. Moses' brother.
6. Aaron's miraculous weapon.
7. Last book in the Old Testament. Abbrev.
8. Book telling of the woes of the Israelites. Abbrev.
9. Short book in the Bible. Abbrev.
10. Fourth book in the Bible. Abbrev.
11. Book containing famous passage: "What doth the Lord require of thee, but to do justly, and to love mercy, and to walk humbly with thy God?" Abbrev.
12. Book telling about the Creation of the world. Abbrev.
13. Book of wonderful poetry.
14. Book of great prophecies. Abbrev.
15. King who wrote famous poetry.

MISS ANNIE E. POUSLAND.

February

Small brother of the larger months,
That merry, tricksy elf,
He spied the holidays outspread,
And gaily helped himself!

Upon Time's pantry shelf they lay,
Each month to have its share;
But February happened by
And chose his then and there.

Great Washington's and Lincoln's days
(Red letters of the year),
And Valentine's he pocketed,—
The greedy, roguish dear.

And last, to make the deed complete,
The leap-year holiday
He snatched, and chuckled as he went
Whistling upon his way.

—F. C. Hamlet, in *The Target*.

My Lord Percy's Snuff

By Jane Stewart



"TELL me, Patience, is it true that Lord Percy has caused your brother Dick to be locked up in Queen Street prison for signaling the troops in Cambridge?" Sue Stanley's eyes were ablaze with indignation, and her mob-cap was askew on her short black curls.

"Oh, yes, Sue; it is! Hardy, the traitor, told my Lord Percy, to save his own neck from a hanging, and Richie was taken at West Meeting-house, though Andrew and Tim escaped!" Patience Woodward replied with tears in her eyes.

The two girls were walking home from Miss Ames' school, where reading and sampler work seemed such trifling matters when all Boston was seething under Lord Percy's occupation of the city in 1775.

"Something must be done!" Sue declared, as she took long steps in her little sprig-flowered challee gown, and thought very hard and fast. "Oh, that I were a boy and belonged to the Signal Boys of Boston! The least I can do is to think of some way of getting Richie out of prison!"

"Doesn't Lord Percy quarter himself at your Godmother's house, Sue?" Patience asked hopefully. "Could not you contrive to do something about that?"

"In some way I will, Patience," Sue promised, and left Patience at the square with a little squeeze of comfort.

"But in what way?" Sue pondered to herself. "It is all very well that he quarters himself at Godmother Sibley's house, but I have never met him and have avoided going over to see Godmother because the British were there! I will go over this very afternoon—and beg him, if neecessary, for Richie's freedom!"

In the latter part of the afternoon, Sue, demure and proper from the tip of shiny black boots to the little ermine muff she clutched in cold fingers, went to pay a visit at Godmother Sibley's big brick house on the Hill.

Equerries in bright red coats were dashing up and down the broad stone steps, and many horses were tied to the post in front of the house. Officers in gold braid and with clanking, shiny swords buckled to their belt swarmed the spacious hallway, and made Sue feel strangely timid and alien in this, her Godmother's own house. But was not Godmother being the staunchest patriot of all by giving up her lovely house to the enemy, and bearing the dishonor of quartering the enemy's leader? Was not Richie even now in prison for brave service to the hard-pressed troops in

Cambridge? She, Sue, would show herself as daring and resourceful a patriot as any of them—and face the redoubtable Lord Percy.

She found Godmother in her little sunny morning-room, her busy needle fashioning patchwork quilts skillfully and swiftly. She arose with a little cry of pleasure, and drew Sue over to the fireplace, taking off her wraps and bustling up Sue's own little rocker.

"Sue, my dear child!" she cried. "I thought you had forgotten your own Godmother in this wretched business of red-coats in every nook and cranny of Boston. My house is over-run with them, but you will forgive your Godmother for turning her home into a dwelling-place for the enemy, will you not, child?"

"Oh, yes, Godmother," cried Sue; "and 'tis good luck that they are here, for I must see Lord Percy and in some manner secure Richie Woodward's release from prison!"

"Ah, I have heard about that," Godmother nodded. "'Tis bad business that they must lock up the children of Boston to win their ends. But Lord Percy, of an afternoon, retires to his seclusion of tea—and—snuff," half-laughed Godmother, "and his humor is never very good."

"And is he here now, drinking tea and snuff?" asked Sue eagerly.

"That he is," said Godmother grimly. "For he fair *drinks* the snuff! He would be at your Cousin Nathan's priceless snuff, if I did not have it hidden in the secret cabinet in the drawing-room!"

"Oh, but Godmother, I must see him," Sue begged. "Mayhap I can soothe his bad humors. At any rate, I have promised Patience—and myself—that I would do my best. Please take me to him!"

Doubtful as to the outcome of Sue's errand, Godmother Sibley led Sue to the drawing-room door and tapped softly outside.

"Enter," roared an impatient voice, and Godmother led a quaking Sue into the large, stately room.

"My niece, Miss Sue Stanley, wishes a word with you, my Lord Percy," Godmother said, and smiling encouragement, she left Sue.

Lord Percy was a handsome man, well set up in his scarlet uniform, heavy with gold braid and medals. He turned to survey Sue through his monocle and reached mechanically at the same time for his snuff-box. His fingers encountered nothing, and he turned his glance toward the box in dismay.

"What! empty?" he cried angrily, and arose and went over to his cabinet and searched without success.

"Not a pinch left in the place! What

(Continued on page 128)

THE BEACON

REV. FLORENCE BUCK, EDITOR
25 Beacon St., Boston, Mass.

Washington

BY THE EDITOR

THE yearly arrival of Washington's birthday, coming this year on Sunday, reminds us how glad we are that our first President was so great and worthy a man. Perhaps that other and later great patriot, Lincoln, whose birthday *The Beacon* helped you observe two weeks ago, owed some of his preparation for his noble work to the inspiration of Washington's life. Do you remember this story about the first book Lincoln ever bought?

In his home were only three books, which the boy Abe Lincoln had read over and over. Hearing that a neighbor for whom he often worked owned Weem's "Life of Washington," Abe asked to borrow the book. It was loaned him and he read it in all his spare time. He kept it on a shelf in the log cabin that was his home, and one day during a driving rain-storm the rain beat in through a crack between the logs and made the book very wet, so that the owner thought it was ruined. He required the boy to pay for the book, which he did by working for the man three whole days. Then it was his own.

It was not ruined, either, for his purpose, for when it was dry he could still

read it. From the story of the life of Washington came part of the ideals and ideas that made Lincoln great and true, as Washington had been before him.

Do you know that only two states in the Union have American names? All the rest are names that are derived from French or Spanish names, from our English forebears, or from Indian words. The two states with straight American names are the state of Washington in the northwest, named for our first President, and Indiana, named for the Indians who were the first inhabitants of this continent.

Perhaps that fact will help you feel friendly in your heart toward the little Indian children whose country this is, as it is ours. In January this year, all the daily papers in our large cities published a picture of President Coolidge, taken with several Indian chiefs who had come from their western home to see him—"brothers all." That is what children are, brothers and sisters all, the red-skinned and the brown-skinned and the white-skinned children in this land of ours, for God is the Father and Maker of them all.

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The Most Wonderful Drill in the World

By L. W. Brownell



Did it ever occur, I wonder, to any of my readers, that many of the appliances that man has claimed as his inventions were in use many years before man even appeared upon the earth, by some of the so-called "dumb" creatures? And many of these were as good as, if not really better than, those later perfected by man. Who can definitely state just when a saw, file, or chisel, or something approximating them, was first used? When were dwellings first made of plaster or cement, and who were the first weavers, masons, or potters? Certainly not civilized man, and the aborigines undoubtedly gathered many of their

ideas from some of the humbler offspring of nature.

It is only of one little creature, however, that I wish to speak in this article, for she, the "female of the species," forms the subject of this tale.

Imagine, if you can, boring for four inches through the hardest kind of wood with an instrument no thicker than one of the hairs from a horse's tail and quite as flexible, if not more so, and accomplishing the feat frequently in fifteen minutes or less. And yet this is just exactly what Madame Thalesa (for that is the name of the little insect) does with the wonderful drill which she carries at the end of her tail.

Madame Thalesa (*Thalesa lunator*, to give her full title) is a brown and yellow, wasp-like creature whose body is from an inch to an inch and a half in length but whose drill extends from her tail for four or five inches more. Despite her appearance she is not a wasp at all but the largest of the Ichneumon flies, and she may be handled without danger.

It was a day in the early fall that found me tramping through the fields with my camera, at the edge of a piece of woods. I had stopped to examine a fungi-covered

stump when, out of the tail of my eye, I caught a glimpse of one of these insects flying past. A glance showed me that she was headed in the direction of a dead maple stump that stood on the edge of the clearing about a hundred yards away. Quickly I followed her for I was fairly certain that I knew her object and I was extremely desirous of being present at its accomplishment.

Sure enough, when I reached the stump there she was, near the top, busily circling it and stopping now and then to examine its surface. She was still well above my head but steadily, though slowly, descending, and I watched her almost breathlessly for fear she might find that for which she was searching before she reached a level where I could photograph her, and that was something which I greatly wished to be able to accomplish.

Now began what, to any observer, must have seemed a wonderful performance but which, to her, was but part of her day's work. Standing well on her tiptoes, so to speak, and with her abdomen held well in the air at right angles to the trunk of the tree she presented a rather ludicrous appearance, but the ludicrous side of it was lost in the wonder of watching her sink her threadlike drill directly into the wood, which was so hard that one could hardly cut it with a knife. The drill, drawn close along the underside of her body, and formed into a loop at the end of her abdomen, where it distended an elastic tissue into the form of a small, flat disk, was driven into the wood almost at the exact centre of the six pairs of legs.

By a continued repetition of a convulsive movement of her body, this wonderfully delicate instrument is worked, and by careful watching one can see it very slowly disappear into the wood until it sinks to four to six inches of its length. As it disappears the loop gradually grows smaller and the insect's abdomen lowers until the loop is entirely gone.

There is another wasp-like insect that is also a wood borer, but for a somewhat different reason. This is a member of the Horntail family known as the Pigeon Tremex (*Tremex columba*) whose larvæ live in the trunks of trees, boring passages through them and subsisting upon their juices, until they have attained full growth. These larvæ are the particular prey of our long-tailed Ichneumon, Madame Thalesa. She is after them in her drilling operations, and none knows better how to reach them or can do it in a more effective manner.

Perhaps the most wonderful thing about her drill is the fact that it is not only a drill but an ovipositor, or egg-laying instrument, as well. It is composed of three parts; two sheaths which are fitted together and slide easily against each other for their entire length and whose chisel-like points accomplish the boring, and an inner tube through which the egg is deposited. The insect searches the trunk of

a tree until, by her acute hearing, she locates one of the objects of her quest, a Tremex larva, in his tunnel in the wood beneath her. She then sinks her shaft until it strikes the burrow of her prey, and in this she lays an egg. As soon as this egg hatches, the baby larva knows what is expected of him and starts off along the burrow in search of its maker. When he has found him the little larva fastens himself to the larger one with a grip that cannot be shaken off for he has found the source of his food supply which is to last him his entire life. It means the end of the Tremex larva for he is finally completely destroyed and the Ichneumon larva builds his cocoon on the dead carcass of his former host.

Thus does Madame Thalesa prove herself to be a friend to man, for she destroys many of these Tremex larvae that are enemies of our shade trees, particularly the elm, oak, and maple.

FEBRUARY 22, 1925.
THE BEARS' DEN.

Dear Diary:

This is to show that the spirit of George Washington and the cherry tree still lives today in Story Book Town's younger generation.

Little Bo Peep has three sheep that her father gave her one birthday, and every afternoon after school she has to take them out for exercise. "Sheep are so old-fashioned," she mourns. "Why couldn't Daddy Peep have given me a Pekinese or a cockatoo!" She always carries a crook to keep them in leash, but today she forgot it, and we were walking along talking about Mary's Contrariness—and the sheep ran away!

"I'll have to go right and tell Daddy Peep," she cried; "but, oh, what will he say?"

I went with her, and, do you know, Daddy Peep was so nice!

"I lost the sheep, Daddy Peep," she said. "I cannot tell a lie—I lost them without my little crook."

"Never mind," he said. "Just leave them alone and they'll come home, wagging their tails behind them!"

And she did!

And they did!

And I did—remember it to tell you!

GOLDI.

The Song of the Cork

A little cork fell in the path of a whale,
Who lashed it down with an angry tail;

But it quickly rose
And floated serenely

In front of his nose.

Said the cork: "You may splash and splutter and frown,

But you never, never can keep me down,
For I'm made of the stuff

That is buoyant enough

To float instead of to drown!"

—New York Telegraph.



"As smart and clever as you are,
A mink may smarter be by far."

—Billy Mink.

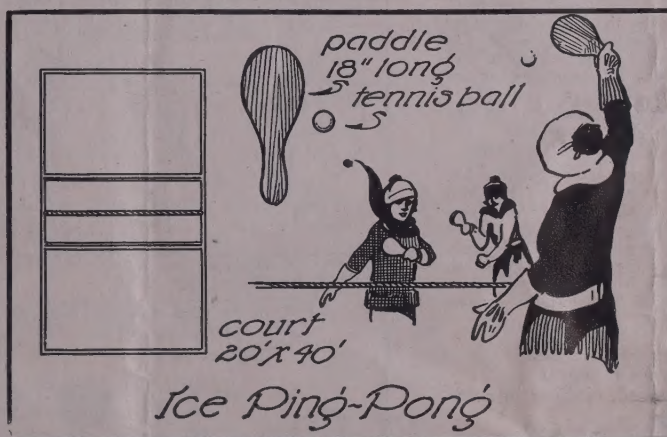
Oh, he is a smart fellow without doubt, that Billy Mink! And the new book Thornton Burgess has written about him and his cronies, Reddy Fox, Hooty the Owl, and The Kind Farmer, shows just what a clever chap a young mink, recently graduated from the Smiling Pool, can be! Billy Mink wins his spurs and the Farmer's eternal gratitude by ousting the Rat Robber gang from the Farmer's barn and shed. Then he proves himself even smarter by a series of adventures with Jumper the Hare and Old Man Coyote. At last, like a world-experienced but slightly homesick alumnus, Billy Mink goes back to the Smiling Pool, where his heart was all the time! So it's oh—ho—hum!

"Keep at whate'er you once begin;
It is the only way to win."

—BILLY MINK.

Thornton Burgess. Little, Brown & Co., Boston. \$1.60 net.

Ethel Cook Eliot has written a new and delightful girl's story in "The Vanishing Comrade." Kate Marshall is a friendly, brave, and resourceful girl character and well worth the book acquaintanceship. How Great-Aunt Katherine forgets the family differences and begs Kate's own fine mother to permit Kate to visit her and her niece Elsie—is the prelude to a summer filled with adventure, fun, and mystery. The strange cloud that surrounds Elsie is cleared magically in the end—most *magically*, for, as Kate says: "Do you remember what the King of the Fairies told Hazel and her lover about the magic they had made their very own, how it's safer than the stars from troubling? Well, . . . I think we are going to have a lot of that magic." THE VANISHING COMRADE. Ethel Cook Eliot. Doubleday, Page & Co., Garden City, N. Y. \$1.75 net.



Ice Ping-Pong

BY G. EVERETT VAN HORN

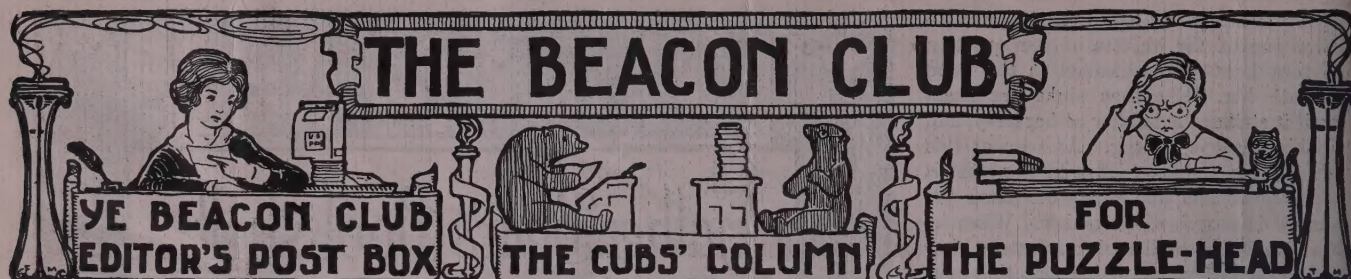
Ice Ping-Pong will keep you constantly racing about the court in an effort to strike the tennis ball with the Ping-Pong paddle; but with a pair of skates the game is still more lively and exciting for you. With two stakes driven in the ice in the middle of the court and a small rope stretched between, you can spend many winter days playing Ice Ping-Pong upon a court marked upon the ice.

The court can be laid out exactly square if you will use a length of cork for a marker and lay strips of colored paper along this cork, immediately covering it with water to form a coat of ice. An ordinary tape measure can be used in laying out the court. After making the bounding lines, and covering them with water taken from a hole chopped in the ice, make the net court. Measure in fifteen feet from both ends of the court and make lines across the court parallel to the end lines at these two points, forming a space ten feet wide across the width of the court. At both ends of this net court, and exactly in the middle, drive two stakes or chop two small holes and set stakes in the holes. Pour a little water around the base

of the stakes so that they will freeze solidly. Then stretch a light rope between the stakes. The Ping-Pong paddles are eighteen inches long and eight inches wide at the large end. They can be easily whittled from thin boards and smoothed with a sheet of sandpaper. Since any number of players can play in a game of Ping-Pong, each player should make her own paddle, and provide an old tennis ball for the game.

When the court has been laid out and you are ready to play, choose up

sides of from four to ten players upon a side. Each player is assigned a certain place in the court by the leader. Each team should be distributed over its court so that all points of the court can be covered easily during the game. The players of each team are numbered so that all will have a chance to "serve" the ball. Then the leader of one team takes the ball, calls "Serve!" as in Volley Ball, and endeavors to knock the ball into the opposite court so that it cannot be returned over the net or rope. All serving and passing of the ball must be over the rope or else the ball is forfeited. If the ball bounds twice before it is returned over the net, then the server is given credit of one point, but if the ball is returned "on the fly" or on the first bounce, it is kept on the move by the paddles of the various players until it bounces twice in one of the courts. In case it goes out of bounds in one court, it goes to the team playing opposite the team which sent it out of bounds. After the leader of one team serves, then the leader of the other takes her turn, and following the leaders come the two players numbered "one," then "two," and so on. When one team succeeds in running up a total of fifteen points the teams change courts and another game is played.



Dear Knights of the Post-stamp:—Below are several interesting letters headed by a fine letter from Miriam Alice Colwell. Best wishes for the coming week!

YE BEACON CLUB EDITOR.

PROSPECT HARBOR, ME.

Dear Miss Buck and Beacon Club Members:—I think it will be a good beginning for me to tell the Club about a skating party I went to last Saturday. Forbes' Pond was our destination, about a mile and a half from my home, into the woods. There were seventeen in the party, boys and girls, a few mothers and fathers and two grandmothers in the crowd. I am the youngest person here in our sea-coast town who knows how to skate. My Uncle John sent me my skates last winter. I think skating is a great sport. The day was fine and the ice very smooth. Ray's Camp on the shore of the pond was open. We had a nice fire and most of the party had a picnic supper there, coming home by the light of the moon. I have two cats now, the Tommy I told about last year, and a tortoise shell kitty named Betty. I am very much interested in "The Enchanted House" now running in *The Beacon*. I had "The Colonial Twins of Virginia" for a Christmas gift and like it very much. I am wishing now for snow, for I have been promised some snowshoes.

Your friend,

MIRIAM ALICE COLWELL.

193 FISHBURNE ST.,

CHARLESTON, S. C.

Dear Miss Buck:—I go to the Unitarian Sunday School and church in Charleston. We get *The Beacon* every Sunday and I enjoy reading it very much. I have wanted to be a Beacon member and hope I can be one now. I am 12 years old. I would like to correspond with some girls of my age.

One of your many friends,

MAUDE I. SMITH.

FIELDALE, VA.

Dear Miss Buck:—I am a member of *The Beacon* Club but I lost my button and I am enclosing a 2 ct. stamp and would like you to send me another button. I would like to have someone write to me. I am 12 years old and in the 5th grade in school. My teacher's name is Miss Hison and I go to Sunday School and my Sunday School teacher's name is Miss Tessa Thomas.

C. BERNICE MARTIN.

(Continued from page 125)

shall I do!" he mourned, sinking into his chair in utter despair.

A sudden, quick thought came to Sue. A thought on which, perhaps, the outcome of her venture might well be staked.

"My Lord," she said quickly, "I will have some of the most excellent snuff you have ever snuffed, in one moment!" She tapped with sure fingers behind a gilded picture frame and a cabinet swung into view. She took out a small gold box and opened it before Lord Percy's unbelieving eyes.

"With my very best compliments, sir," she courtesied. "And now will you hear my request?"

"It is enough—kerchoo—that you have come for this!" said Lord Percy, pinching and sneezing in ecstasy. "Your wish—kerker-kerchoo—whatever it may be is already—ker-kerchoo—granted!"

To their joy they found it was!

Dear Cubs:—This week Anne Orpin and Dorothy Keithe are awarded *The Beacon* Club Awards for "Winter" and "Curing a Selfish Boy."

Winter

BY ANNE ORPIN

In winter all the ground is white
And the plants and trees are sleeping,
But though the winds do blow and bite,
Mother Earth her watch is keeping.

Curing a Selfish Boy

BY DOROTHY KEITHE

Bill was a selfish boy. All of his friends were kind. A poor boy named John lived on a side street near by. Bill and John had fun coasting in the winter time. John had an old box with wooden runners on it. One day Bill was sitting in the parlor with his mother. She said, "Bill, why don't you give your old sled to John? You have your new one." Bill didn't want to. His mother coaxed and coaxed him until he gave his sled to John. Next day Bill's father brought home a new coat for him. Bill said to his mother: "Mother, may I give my old coat to John?" His mother said: "Certainly. Give him some of your other toys, too, if you want to." Bill began to see how happy John was and they were friends ever after.

Fun for the Puzzleheads Again

TWISTED WILD ANIMALS

1. Iliogias.
2. itcadlws.
3. senayh.
4. dsarlepo.
5. anhtresp.
6. augrasj.
7. gresti.
8. thnaepels.

HELEN CUZNER.

ENIGMA

I am composed of 11 letters.
My 1, 2, 10 is what farmers make in summer.
My 3, 9, 7, 8 is what we do with hoops.
My 4, 5, 6 is aged.
My 11, 2, 10 is a period of time.
My whole is a well known movie actor.

R. C. E.

ANSWERS TO PUZZLES IN NO. 20

TWISTED FEATURES OF FEBRUARY—I. arrows. 2. bow. 3. cupid. 4. poetry. 5. dove. 6. dart.
ENIGMA—The Hunting Season.

